

NEW BOOKS.

Ian MacLaren's Bonnie Dundee.

What we suppose is the last story that Ian MacLaren wrote is published under the title of "Graham of Claverhouse" (The Authors and Newspapers Association). Here again, there is little need to say, we have the fiery Cavaliers arrayed against the obstinate and somber cohorts of the other side. The gentlemen with the love-plumes and the waving plumes and the high pellicles of ornamental language were very faithful to the Stuart family, but no more faithful, we may be glad to think, than the novelists are to them. In this tale it has been a matter of abiding surprise with us that Claverhouse should have been able to live as long as he did. Considering the great provocation that was afforded in his extraordinary history of person and action, and as well in almost everything that he said and did, we should have thought that envy and resentment would have slain him a hundred times. William, Prince of Orange, cold man that he was, burned with a very natural indignation when Claverhouse (figuratively but cordially) pulled his royal beard.

Of course the Prince had his reputation for phlegm to support. The story recognizes his claim to great powers of repression. "Whether William was angry at Claverhouse's impudence," it says, "or was no more touched than the cliff by the spray from a wave, only his intimates could have told." But we are sure that the Prince was a good deal stirred. If he had not been it is hardly likely that he would have "suggested" to Claverhouse, as we read here, that that fiery Scot "was a shallow pater and self-conceited boy, who was ever looking after his own ends and when he was disappointed kicked and struggled like a child fighting with its nurse; that, in fact, in spite of thinking himself a fine gentleman he ought to know that he had neither sense nor manners." The Prince would even have fought a duel with Claverhouse if such a thing had been possible. He said quite plainly: "Were I not a Prince, and if my creed of honor were different from what it is, I should lay aside my Princedom and meet you sword in hand, for I also, though you may not believe it, have the pride of a soldier, and it has been outraged by your deliberate insolence."

We can think of no reason why Claverhouse should not have believed it, and we suspect that William would have been no mean adversary in a duel, but we do not see how if William had not been a Prince he could have laid aside his Princedom. The point, though curious, is not important. William went on: "Whether it was worthy of your courtesy to offer an insult to one who cannot defend himself I shall leave to your own arbitrament when you bethink yourself in other hours of the day. I pray you be silent, I have not finished." But of course it must be different with us. Though the Prince had not finished it would plainly be taking a liberty if we should report all that he said. From what we have quoted it will be seen that he was capable of speaking with much dignity even when deeply stirred. It is pleasant to the bosom of the orator to be permitted to discharge itself of a good sentence or a good word. When the Prince came to "arbitrament" we know that he was happy.

Mr. Pollock, the Covenanter minister, is another in the story who could speak very well. When he proposed to Lady Jean Cochrane in Paisley Castle he did it in an oration of great eloquence. We must always be careful of telling too much of what we find in a novel, but in part Mr. Pollock said: "Two years ago I first came to this castle and saw you; from time to time upon the errands of my master or searching from my pursuers I have lived here, and before I knew it I found my heart go out to you, Lady Jean, so that on the moors I heard your voice in the singing of the mountain birds and saw your face with your burning hair in the glory of the setting sun. The thought of you was never from me, and the turn of your head and your step as you walked before me came ever to my sight. Was not this, I said to myself, the guidance of the Lord in whose hands are the hearts of men and who did cause Isaac to cleave to Rebecca. But, again, might it not be that I was turning from the way of the cross and following the desires of my own heart? I prayed for some token, and fourteen days ago this word in the Song of Solomon came unto me and was laid upon my heart: 'Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair, thou hast doves eyes within thy locks, thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead.' Wherefore I made bold to speak to you to-day and on your reply will hang the issue of my after-life." To our disappointment Jean refused him. She married Claverhouse, of course, and bitterly she was punished for attaching herself to that glittering and erratic star.

At the same time we do not see how she could very well have helped it. The idea of inevitability is well brought out at this point in the story. Claverhouse entered Paisley Castle. His age was 36. Northward, "the changeless bloom of youth" was his face. "He was in the hands of a uniform of his regiment, completed by a polished gleaming breastplate, over which his neckerchief of white lace streamed, while his face looked out from the wealth of brown hair which fell over his shoulders." His hair, it will be remarked, was in contrast to Jean's, which was a flock of goats and like the glory of the setting sun. "His left hand rested on his sword, and Jean marked the refinement and delicacy of his right hand, which was ungloved, as if for salutation." The setting, heightened the brilliancy of the apparition. "The day had been cloudy and the hall, with its stone floor, high roof, oaken furniture and walls covered by dark tapestry was full of gloom, only partially relieved by the firelight from the wide, open hearth." At that moment a pyrotechnical flash from heaven. "While Claverhouse was coming up the stairs to the sound of his spurs and the striking of his sword against the wall, the sun came out from behind a cloud, and a ray of light streaming from an opposite window fell upon the doorway as he entered. It lingered but for a moment, and after touching his picturesque figure as with a caress disappeared, and the eyes of John Graham and Jean Cochrane met."

Suppose the matter had been within the reader's control, what would he have done with this pair just here? We know very well that he would have done exactly what the story does. Claverhouse merely came to the stairs with his hand on his sword. He said never a word, but he was more effective than Mr. Pollock's oration. It was the something with them both, and no time wasted. "It had come to pass with them, with innumerable lovers, that love was not an instant." But it will be understood that it was not possible for them to be lovers forever after. It was the duty of Claverhouse to look after the Stuart family, and his family was in much trouble at that time. King James had run away to France, and the Prince of Orange had come to Scotland. The story closes with the battle of Marston. The spirited and brave and eloquent manner of Ian Mac-

laren is all through it. We are confident that the reader will be pleased.

Miss Willcock's Striking Story "The Wingless Victory."

Miss M. P. Willcock's "The Wingless Victory" (John Lane) although a book of unusual literary excellence is weak in structure, unduly prolonged by scenic descriptions and frequently interrupted by needless moralizing on the obvious which suggests the didacticism of the teacher rather than the tolerance of the humanist. There are also some overstrained efforts at brilliant writing which mar the effect. "But the next moment she touched the electric forces that spin the whirling globe of life down the ages as he closed his lips on hers and their pulses throbbed as one." It would have been so much simpler to have said "He kissed her."

Miss Willcock's work is not a story but a psychological study of the dominating human emotions in which not one but every character is delineated with skill and comprehension. It is a vivisection of actual human beings, not the manikins of the ordinary novelist's clinic. The knife is sharp, the hand steady and sure, red blood follows the pulse and no anaesthetic allays the pain of the bared quivering nerves. You see how it all is made up and put together and how it works and suffers—this mysterious thing that we call human nature.

Attention is focussed upon Wilnot Borlace as the heroine of the story, although to some Johanna must be the true heroine and her fate the real tragedy of the book. Wilnot is a small, dark, neurotic little woman, overtrained and overstimulated by an indulgent uncle who has, he says, fed her on meat, not "cod fish." He has given her heroic ideals of conduct, but no buttresses of duty or religion to strengthen her moral character. Of one of the characters in the book it is written, "Her mind was made up of odds and ends of strange resolutions that contradicted each other." Pigwash, her husband called it. "Now the essence of pigwash is the scrappy nature of its construction." The saying is good but misplaced. It belongs to Wilnot herself, with her heroic ideals and insatiable craving for admiration which she, like others of her temperament, dignify by calling it "the desire for Life and Love."

Marrying "with a sense of joyful experiment" a busy physician with a "Puck-like" temper and an amalgam of the weak and heroic in character, in three months Wilnot found the experiment neither joyful nor satisfactory. The old restless longing returned to do something "mad and bad and lovely," and never having had to pay the reckoning for such experiments in emotion, she indulges in a flirtation with a high strung country lad, whose father had been an artist. The boy attempts suicide by drowning, but is rescued and shipped off to Canada to pursue the artistic career for which he had longed and which his mother had denied him. Wilnot returns to her home, brings a blind child into the world and attempts to make a hero of her husband. Dr. Borlace is a very different George from the one who has been in the story. He is a very different dragon in the end, and his wife's admiration, he persuades the urban council to bring down the pure water from the hills by conveying at their plan of using cheap lead pipes, which give the people lead poisoning. Wilnot despises him for it and when the blind baby dies Wilnot goes away and lives alone in morbid misery until a handsome young farmer attracts her attention and the performance begins all over again and would have run its course but for Johanna.

The appearance of Johanna should be hailed with a fanfare of trumpets. She is all that Wilnot dreams and Dr. Borlace fails to be—the truly heroic. Child of the slums, drab of the street, with the birth of her baby Elizabeth the instinct of motherhood arouses all the moral qualities in Johanna. Dr. Borlace takes her into his house as a servant. She cares for him with loyalty after his wife deserts him and his people turn against him. Loving him fiercely, she rejects his advances to her. She gambles the nights through with him to keep him from drinking, and, leaving her winnings, goes to bring Wilnot to save him and, incidentally, herself at the crucial moment. The book is said to have conformed to the conventional happy ending and to a degree it does. Wilnot is reconciled to her husband; the artist takes a wife; the farmer, of whose people it was said: "The Hannafords never owe a man a farthing or a woman a wedding ring," weds a sweet faced country girl to be a loving mother to his children. But when all this is accomplished Johanna sits in the sunset fearing the judgment of her child when she knows the way she came. The book is still a tragedy; it is, "a little child shall lead them"; its lesson, the highway of the common-place leads over the heights of the sublime. The compelling interest of the story lies in its striking studies of character and grace and charm of style. There is a certain Italian frankness in Miss Willcock's treatment of the sexual question which is difficult to reconcile with the idea of her being an unmarried English schoolmistress, but if she writes any more books as good as "Widdicombe" and "The Wingless Victory" she will no doubt give up the school room for the study.

To those who have any knowledge of the history of geographical exploration Capt. James Cook ranks with the very greatest, with Columbus, with Vasco da Gama and with Magellan. It was his fate to come much later, so that his chief exploits were rather of a negative kind, but his gallant voyage in high southern latitudes put an end once for all to the legend of an Austral continent and his sea of the American coast knocked on the head the story of the "Strait of Anian" and of Juan de Fuca and relegated the northwest passage to the Arctic seas. His positive contribution to the knowledge of the earth in the Pacific regions were of great importance, but cannot compare with his service in the dispersion of error.

The opportunity for a first class biography was in the hands of Mr. Arthur Kitchin when he wrote "Captain James Cook" (E. P. Dutton and Company), and may be yet if he wakes up to it in a second edition. The book has gone carefully over all the Cook records and has corrected them step by step from the authorities. A useful and scholarly piece of work, certainly, and one that should be done. He loses sight, however, of the big things accomplished in his anxiety to straighten out details, and the reader may be pardoned for not comprehending their importance. He is in danger of missing that, too, from the perusal of Cook's own modest journal.

The fault could be easily remedied if Mr. Kitchin at the end of each voyage were to summarize in a few pages the additions it supplied to geographical knowledge and indicate the blank spaces it wiped out from the map of the world. New Zealand, the barrier reef of Australia and the Sandwich Islands are still associated with Cook in the popular mind, but the events toward the South Pole and the North Pole helped more to clear the map of confusion. Mr. Kitchin very properly lays great stress on Cook's wonderful demonstration of the

Take It on Your Vacation
OUT-TO-DAY

THE SCARLET CAR

By
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Illustrated. \$1.25



A story with the dash, thrill and excitement of a big machine, full of the enthusiasm, fun and cool nerve that make adventures worth while.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

way in which scurvy could be kept down. He does not take sufficient pains to show his glory as a hero of exploration. A map showing the world known before Cook's voyages and after would have been helpful.

The Third Benjamini.
A remarkable showing is being made in English fiction by the three sons of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. E. F. Benson, who first attracted notice with his "Dodo," has drifted into the routine of the ordinary novelist; the eldest brother, Mr. A. C. Benson, who has contributed admirable biographies to the "English Men of Letters" series, has come out with contemplative, philosophical stories, and now the youngest, the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, who some time ago turned to the Church of Rome, publishes a set of mystical stories in "A Mirror of Shalott" (Benziger Brothers, New York).

In form these stories are unexceptionable. It is rare nowadays to meet with such well turned conversational English, which it is a delight to read irrespective of the matter. The stories themselves are rather vague, intentionally so, for they tell of matters verging on the supernatural and as they seem to be true tales they have not the completeness of made-up ghost stories. They are told, however, with consummate skill, carrying the reader along, which will account for some disappointment when no definite conclusion is reached. The charm of the narration and the problem suggested, nevertheless, will more than compensate for this. It is a remarkable book and remarkably well written.

Judah P. Benjamini.
It is to be regretted that Mr. Pierce Butler in writing the biography of "Judah P. Benjamini" (George W. Jacobs & Company) should have been in close relations with the Benjamini family. It gives his book a tone of eulogy and apology which hardly seems just to the distinguished lawyer who became Secretary of State of the Confederacy. Benjamini's career at the bar and in politics before the war could surely stand on its own merits, and time enough has elapsed for his services to the Confederacy to be told with no reference to contemporary Northern judgments. At the same time Mr. Butler shows his family and personal relations in a delightfully amiable light.

The most interesting part of the biography to many will be the story of the plucky beginning made at 55 years of age at the English bar, which have the legal profession "Benjamini on Sales" and advanced him to the highest position at the English bar. Benjamini's preeminent merits as a lawyer, needing no apology, might well have been the main topic of the biography. The steps in his political career were explicable without need of apology.

A remarkable story of a self-made man is told by Mr. Butler, one that shows the possibilities open to talent in America, regardless of race or religion, and one that Jews may well regard with pride.

More of Mr. G. B. Shaw.
From Brentano's comes another volume of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's plays with characteristic prefaces. "John Bull's Other Island," the play on Ireland which gives the title to the book, had a successful run in England but attracted little attention in this country. The author provides it with a sixty page "preface for politicians."

The play is also chiefly for British consumption. To his Salvation Army play, "Major Barbara," he prefaces forty pages of preface in which he jumps on theatrical critics and explains what he thinks of the Salvationists.

The third play contained in the volume is his skit on "Candida" and puff of his own play, "How He Lied to Her Husband." The preface deals with the treatment of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in New York and would have more point if Mr. Shaw had undertaken to ascertain the facts in the matter. His admirers will enjoy the volume thoroughly, for Mr. Shaw parades himself before them in plays and prefaces with his usual self-assertion and paradox. Those who do not worship him will derive amusement from the plays, which are clever, and as much, probably, from the author's posing. Whether astonishing combinations like "cant" and "live" and "honest" and "fivebillionth" and spacing instead of italics are due to author or to publisher we cannot tell. They are not pleasant.

A Good Book on Russia.

A thoroughly sound book of information is Mr. Bernard Pare's "Russia and Reform" (E. P. Dutton and Company). The author has no axe to grind or views to promulgate; he has simply found it necessary in order to understand what is going on to ascertain the facts in the case, and these he offers to his readers.

He begins with a short sketch of Russian history and with a fuller account of the reform movement that began with Alexander II. He then tells about the Church, the administration and the social classes. Next he explains at great length the meaning of the "intelligentsia" in Russia, winding up with the story of the peasant movement and of the recent demands for reforms. The book comes down to the opening of the second Duma.

The story is told sensibly and pragmat-

"The Man of the Hour"
BERNARD SHAW'S
New Book of Plays
John Bull's Other Island
And Major Barbara and How He Lied to Her Husband

\$1.50 net.

Contains Shaw's Essay on the Question of Home Rule for Ireland, entitled "A Preface for Politicians," and his striking appreciation of the work of the Salvation Army in the Essay entitled "First Aid to Critics."

The Three Plays with their accompanying Essays are among the finest and most characteristic writings from the pen of this great modern satirist.

BRENTANO'S NEW YORK

ically, and is based on excellent authorities. There is no declamation; the facts are made to tell their own story, and the reader may feel sure that he is getting some idea of the real state of matters.

Fiction.
If Mr. Henry Newbolt had provided each of his stirring lyrics with an elaborate introductory sermon he could hardly have expected the public to feel deeply interested. It seems, therefore, a curious mistake for him to make to preach for a hundred pages in "The Old Country" (E. P. Dutton and Company) before he plunges into his fairy tale. This is an imitation of Mr. Kipling's bad "Puck of Pook's Hill" and is in substance a sermon to the colonies to remember what the history of England really stands for. It seems to be caused by British alarm lest Australia and Canada and the rest may break away and set up for themselves, so Mr. Newbolt tries to remind them what fine things Old England and Conservatism and the past history are. There are charming bits that make the reader wish the author would tell his story and drop his high purposes.

Years have not dimmed the ardor of the author of "St. Elmo." In a short story, "Devota," by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson (G. W. Dillingham Company), published with decorative borders, the passion and eloquence that made her earlier novels popular will be found again.

Humor.
Much trouble has been taken by Mr. Wallace Irwin, when preparing the articles for "The Shame of the Colleges" (The Outlook Publishing Company), in acquiring local color. To parody the magazine "muck raker" papers cannot be very inspiring to a humorist, but the lyrics that Mr. Irwin throws in freely are always amusing. Mr. Blumenthal's pictures have some artistic merit.

A number of typewritten missives, describing the commercial trip of an incredibly innocent young Hebrew salesman, make up Mr. George V. Hobart's "Ikey's Letters to His Father" (G. W. Dillingham Company). They contain a varied slang vocabulary and a good deal of vulgarity.

Burlesques on sporting stories, about thirty in number, compose "The Sportsman's Primer" by Norman H. Crowell (The Outlook Publishing Company). They may have been mildly amusing as they appeared from time to time in periodicals, but the fun is very infantile, and the reader may have an overdose of it when it is collected together.

The yearly collection of pictures from Life is called this year "The Comedy of Life" (Life Publishing Company). The other illustrators are not overshadowed now by Mr. C. D. Gibson, but the collection does not seem to be much more cheerful on that account.

Other Books.

The text of "The Historic Thames" (J. M. Dent and Company; E. P. Dutton and Company) is of unusual quality for a picture book. It is by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P., and for once Mr. Belloc has restrained himself to a careful statement of facts, abandoning his favorite digressions. For some unaccountable reason, however, he declines to aid the reader with breaks in the narrative, though it easily lends itself to prosaic chapter headings. The only help, therefore, is from the index. This is the more provoking because Mr. Belloc traces the course of the river geologically, then goes back and treats it historically, then goes over it economically. The pictures by A. R. Quinton, are numerous and are properly called on the title page "colored illustrations." They are pretty chromos with very little character.

No more helpful book could have been gotten up than the little pamphlet by Capt. John W. Norwood, "Instructions for the Private of the National Guard" (Arms and the Man Publishing Company, New York). It deals with the principal faults of the guardsman, giving very little attention to drill. It begins with the idea of discipline and the soldierly spirit, then

goes very thoroughly into guard duty and winds up with practical instructions about rifle firing. The directions are put in clear language and every member of the National Guard can profit by them.

Various general papers by Mr. Frank T. Bullen are included in "Our Heritage the Sea" (E. P. Dutton and Company). He talks of winds, clouds, currents, tides, fisheries, and of the ocean as a health resort. In the more special papers on the ocean as a highway of commerce, as a battlefield, and on its importance to Great Britain, the British point of view is very marked and he drifts into insular politics.

Another statement of the condition of "The Negro in the South" (George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia) is called out by the demands of a lecture course at the University of Pennsylvania. No lecturer could have greater authority on the question than Booker T. Washington and Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois. They have little to say that they have not said already, but it is put clearly and moderately and will receive the attention it deserves.

The story of Alexander W. Mackay's work in Uganda is one of the finest tales of missionary endeavor and should have been told directly and rationally. In "Uganda's White Man of Work," by Sophia Lyons Fane (Young People's Missionary Movement, New York), we regret to find the most unpleasant characteristics of the older form of missionary narratives. There is excess of sentimentality, confusion of material facts, and the general impression that Mackay's work was a failure, which is not the opinion of the laymen who followed him in Uganda.

A great deal of valuable information is condensed in "The Bond Buyers' Dictionary" by S. A. Nelson (S. A. Nelson and Company, New York). The summaries of laws of the several States are particularly useful. The process of boiling down the contents of authoritative books gives queer results at times, and some statements at the beginning of the book are rather startling. It does not follow that because an author has a European reputation as a political economist he always knows what he is talking about. The greater part of the little book deals with the United States, however, and there the information may be trusted.

In "Bait Angling for Common Fishes" (The Outlook Publishing Company) Mr. Louis Head drops the pencil for the hook. He describes the fish, the ordinary man has to deal with, cod and perch and snail and the like, at which the expert anglers snuff, but he has a little to say also about fish that give sport. Mr. Head is after fish, and his remarks about putting worms on the hook and a good many other incidental comments will cause pain to sentimental naturalists.

No more beautiful typographical product could be wished for than the essay on "Trade and Trade Centers of History" by Mr. W. Hamilton Benham, which the De Vinne Press has prepared for Mr. Henry C. Sworda. The author makes a rapid survey of history from the point of view of trade and fixes the critical periods accurately. A more frequent use of dates might have made his story clearer, and he might have been assisted, perhaps, by the guidance of modern histories of commerce. As it is, however, his essay seems to serve adequately the purpose for which it was written. Interesting portraits and maps illustrate the book.

Books Received.
"The Citizen's Part in Government." Elihu Root. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century." Philip Barbour Bruce. (Bell Book Company, Richmond, Va.)
Demande en Revision on Annulation de Procès et de Traité. Part I. Eugene Turpin. (Alfred Tytgat, Heyss sur Mer, Belgium.)
"The Strongest Plume." Hugh de Selincourt. (John Lane Company.)
"No more beautiful typographical product could be wished for than the essay on 'Trade and Trade Centers of History' by Mr. W. Hamilton Benham, which the De Vinne Press has prepared for Mr. Henry C. Sworda. The author makes a rapid survey of history from the point of view of trade and fixes the critical periods accurately. A more frequent use of dates might have made his story clearer, and he might have been assisted, perhaps, by the guidance of modern histories of commerce. As it is, however, his essay seems to serve adequately the purpose for which it was written. Interesting portraits and maps illustrate the book."

Two Invigorating Summer Novels
THE KINGMAKERS
BY ARMIGER BARCLAY
Cover in Color by Robert Edwards

Two financiers upset the rule of an impostor in the kingdom of Sergia and place the rightful heir upon the throne.

"The novel is full of stir and action, and is ably written from cover to cover."—*Detroit News*.
"Agreeable and interesting reading."—*Pittsburg Press*.
"The people of Mr. Barclay's novel are really convincing."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Illustrated, price \$1.50.

TINMAN

BY TOM GALLON

Pronounced by one of Boston's ablest critics, upon reading advance sheets, as the most powerful work that this strong writer has yet done. A strange and compelling story, with the lights and shadows of human hope and love and despair masterfully drawn, while the scales of justice hang trembling in their balance to the very end. At all booksellers. Price \$1.50.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston, Publishers

Take "SUSAN" to the Country with you!

She is the maid *par excellence*, charming and fresh as the Springtime. Straight from London, where she has been quite the success of the social season. She is looking for a position among the best American families.

She offers as her reference the novel "SUSAN." There you will find her picture and read the clever romantic story which has made her such a personage.

So many have wished to make her acquaintance that two large editions have been sold in America since June 1st, and the third edition is in press.

At All Booksellers. Cloth 1.50.

JOHN W. LUCE and COMPANY, BOSTON

"Irresistibly Attractive"

BEATRIX of CLARE

THE SPIRITED VACATION-DAY ROMANCE

By
JOHN REED SCOTT

author of
"THE COLONEL OF THE RED HUZARS"
(Eleven Editions)

Illustrated in Color
by
Clarence F. Underwood

For Sale
Everywhere

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

If a handsome young woman should stop her carriage and claim you as her husband, wouldn't you humor her? That's what the hero did in

THE CASTLE OF DOUBT

By John H. Whitson

More ingenious than "The Masquerader," San Francisco Chronicle.

The plot is quite the most skillfully wrought of anything of the kind since Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

—*Springfield Union*.
The climax is one of the most unexpected things in modern fiction.
—*Philadelphia Item*.
With frontispiece in color. Cloth \$1.50.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE
JULY FICTION NUMBER JULY

BOOKS—All out of print books supplied, no matter on what subject; write me stating books wanted; I can get you any book ever published when in England call and inspect my stock of 60,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 108 Regent St., Westminster, England.

Author, New York.
Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Edited by Isaac N. Demmon. (American Book Company.)
Practical Christian Science. The Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts. Part I. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)
The Major Symptoms of Mysteria. Pierre Janet. M. D. Harcourt.
The Scarlet Car. Richard Harding Davis. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
The Cho-Fu. Harry Morris Gordon. (The

July
INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

KENYON COX ROYAL ACADEMY HAND WEAVING

AUTOGRAF LETTERS

OF FAMOUS PERSONS Bought and Sold. WALTER R. HUNTER, 225 Fifth Ave., N.Y. SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

HISTORY of Flagellation, Moll Flinders, Apuleius Golden Ass. Any book. FRATER, 361 6th av.